

K Scot. in
THE
VISION
COMPYLIT

In *Latin* be a most lernit Clerk, in
Time of our Hairship and Oppres-
sion, *Anno* 1300,

AND

Translatit in 1524.



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MOIRAY



VISION

*Compylit in Latin be a most lernit Clerk *
in Tyme of our Hairship and Oppress-
on anno 1300, and Translatit in
1524.*

I.

BEDOUN the Bents of *Banquo* Brae
Milane I wandert waif and wae,
Musand our main Mischaunce;
How be thay Faes we ar undone,
That staw the *sacred* † *Stane* frae *Scone*,
And leids us sic a Daunce;
Quhile *Ingland's Edert* taks our Tours,
And *Scotland* ferst obeys,
Rude *Ruffians* ransak *Ryal Bours*,
And *Baliol* Homage pays:
Throch Feidom our Freidom
Is blotit with this Skore,
Qubhat *Romans* or no Mans
Pith culd eir do befoir.

THE

* The History of the *Scots* Sufferings, by the unworthy Con-
descension of *Baliol* to *Edward I.* of *England*, till they recovered
their Independence by the Conduct and Valour of the Great
BRUCE, is so universally known, that any Argument to this
antique Poem seems useless.

† The old Chair (now in *Westminster Abbey*) in which the
Scots Kings were always crowned; wherein there is a Piece of
Marble with this Inscription:

*Ni fallat fatum SCOTI, quocunque locatum
Invenient lapidem, regnare tenentur ibidem.*

The Air grew ruch with bousterous Thuds,
Bauld *Boreas* branglit outthrow the Cluds,

Maist lyke a drunken Wicht ;

The Thunder crakt, and Flauchts did rift
Frac the black Vissart of the Lift :

The Forrest schuke with Fricht.

Nae Birds abune thair Wing extenn,

They ducht not byde the Blast,
Ilk Beist bedeen bangd to their Den,

Until the Storm was past :

Ilk Creature in Nature

That had a Spunk of Sence,

In Neid then, with Speid then,

Methocht cryt, *In Defence.*

III,

To see a Morn in *May* sae ill,

I deimt Dame Nature was gane will,

To rair with rackles Reil ;

Quhairfor to put me out of Pain,

And skonce my Skap and Shanks frac Rain,

I bure me to a Beil,

Up ane high-Craig that lundgit alast,

out owre a canny Cave,

A curious Cruif of Natures Craft,

Quhilk to me Schelter gaif ;

Ther vexit, perplexit,

I leint me down to weip,

In brief ther, with Grief ther

I dottard owre on Sleip.

IV.

Here *Somnus* in his silent Hand

Held all my Sences at Command,

Quhyle I forzet my Cair ;

The myldest Meid of mortall Wichts,

Quha pass in Peace the private Nichts,
 That wauking finds it rare :
 Sae in fast Slumbers did I ly,
 But not my wakryse Mynd,
 Quhilk still stude Watch, and couth espy
 A Man with Aspek kynd,
 Richt auld lyke and bauld lyke,
 With Baird thre Quarters skant,
 Sae braif lyke and graif lyke,
 He seemt to be a Sanct.



GRIT Darring dartit frae his Ec,
 A Braid-sword schogled at his Thie,
 On his left Arm a Targe ;
 A shynand Speir filld his richt Hand,
 Of stalwart Mak, in Bane and Brawnd,
 Of just Proportions, large ;
 A various Rainbow-colourt Plaid
 Owre his left Spaul he threw,
 Doun his braid Back, frae his quhyt Heid,
 The Silver Wymplers grew ;
 Amasit, I gaifit
 To se, led at Command,
 A strampant and rampant
 Feris Lyon in his Hand.

VI.

QUHILK held a Thistle in his Paw,
 And round his Collar graist I saw
 This Poetic pat and plain,
Nemo me impune lacefs-
Et :——In Scots, Nane sall oppress
Me, unpunisht with Pain ;
 Still schaking, I durst naithing say,
 Till he with kynd Accent

Sayd,

Sayd, Fere let nocht thy Hairt affray,
 I cum to hier thy Plaint;
 Thy graining and maining
 Hath laitlie reikd myne Eir,
 Debar then affar then
 All Eiryness or Feir.

VII.

FOR I am ane of a hie Station,
 The *Warden* of this auntient Nation,
 And can nocht do the Wrang;
 I vissyt him then round about,
 Syne with a Resolution stout,
 Speird, Quhair he had bene fae lang?
 Quod he, Althocht I sum forsuke,
 Becaus they did me slicht,
 To Hills and Glens I me betuke,
 To them that lues my Richt;
 Quhase Mynds zet inclynds zet
 To damm the rappid Spate,
 Devysing and prysing
 Freidom at ony Rate.

VIII.

OUR Trechour Peirs thair Tyranns treit,
 Quha jyb them, and thair Substance eit,
 And on thair Honour stramp;
 They, pure degenerate! bend thair Baks,
 The Victor, *Langshanks*, proudly cracks
 He has blawn out our Lamp:
 Quhyle trew Men, fair complainand, tell,
 With Sobs, thair silent Greif,
 How *Baliol* thair Richts did sell,
 With small Howp of Releife?
 Regretand and fretand
 Ay at his cursit Plot,
 Quha rammed and crammed
 That Bargin down thair Throt.

IX.

BRAIF Gentrie sweir, and Burgers ban,
 Revenge is muttert be ilk Clan

Thats to their Nation trew ;
 The Cloysters cum to cun the Evil,
 Mailpayers wifs it to the Devil,
 With its contryving Crew :
 The Hardy wald with hairy Wills
 Upon dyre Vengance fall ;
 The feckless fret owre Heuchs and Hills,
 And Eccho answers all :
 Repetand and greitand,
 With mony a fair Alace,
 For Blasting and Casting
 Our Honour in Disgrace.

X.

WAES me ! quod I, our Case is bad,
 And mony of us are gane mad,
 Sen this disgraceful Paction.
 We are felld and herryt now by Forse ;
 And hardly Help fort, thats zit warse,
 We are sae forfairn with Faction.
 Then has not he gude Cause to grumble,
 Thats forst to be a Slaif ;
 Oppression dois the Judgment jumble
 And gars a wyse Man raif.
 May Cheins then, and Pains then
 Infernal be thair Hyre
 Quha dang us, and slang us
 Into this ugsum Myre,

XI.

THEN he with bauld forbidding Luke,
 And staitly Air did me rebuke,
 For being of Sprite sae mein :

Said

Said he its far beneath a *SCOT*
 To use weak Curses quhen his Lot
 May sumtymes four his Splein,
 He rather fould, mair lyke a Man,
 Some braif Design attempt ;
 Gif its nocht in his Pith, what than,
 Rest but a Quhyle content,
 Nocht feirful, but cheirful,
 And wait the Will of Fate,
 Which mynds to desygns to
 Renew zour auntient State.

XII.

I ken sum mair than ze, do all
 Of quhat fall afterwart befall,
 In mair auspicious Tymes ;
 For asten far abuse the Mune,
 We watching Beings do convene,
 Frae round Eards outmost Climes,
 Quhair evry Warden represents
 Cleirly his Nations Case,
 Gif Famyne, Pest, or Sword torments,
 Or Villains hie in Place,
 Quha keip ay, and heip ay
 Up to themselves grit Store,
 By rundging and spunging
 The leil laborious Pure.

XIII.

Say then, said I, at zour hie Sate
 Lernt ze ocht of auld *Scotland's* Fate,
 Gif eir schoil be her fell ;
 With Smyle celest, quod he, I can,
 But its nocht sit an mortal Man
 Sould ken all I can, tell ;
 But Part to the I may unfold,
 And thou may saifly ken,

Quhen

(9)
Quhen *Scottish* Peirs slicht *Saxon* Gold,
And turn trew heartit Men;
Quhen Knaivry and Slaivrie,
Ar equally dispyfd,
And Loyalte and Royalte,
Universalie are pryfd.

XIV.

QUHEN all zour Trade is at a Stand,
And Cunzie clean forsaiks the Land,
Quhilk will be very sune,
Will Preists without their Stypands preach?
For nocht will Lawyers Causes streich?
Faith thatis nae easy done.
All this and mair maun cum to pass,
To cleir zour glamourit Sicht;
And *Scotland* maun be made an As,
To set her Jugment richt.
Theyil jad hir and blad hir,
Untill scho brak hir Tether,
Thocht auld schois zit bauld schois
And teuch lyke barkit Lether.

XV.

BUT mony a Corfs fall braithless ly,
And Wae fall mony a Widow cry,
Or all rin richt again;
Owre *Cheviot* prancing proudly *North*,
The Faes fall tak the Feild neir *Forth*,
And think the Day their ain:
But Burns that Day fall rin with Blude
Of them that now opprefs;
Thair Carcasses be Corbys Fude,
By thousands on the Gress.
A King then fall ring then,
Of wyse Renoun and brais,
Quhase Pusians and Sapiens
Sall Richt restoir and saif.

XVI.

THE View of Freidomis sweet, quod I,
O say, grit Tennant of the Skye,

How neiris that happie Tyme.

We ken Things but be Circumstans,

Nae mair, quod he, I may advance,

Leist I commit a Cryme.

Quhat eir ze pleis, gae on, quod I,

I fall not fash ze moir,

Say how, and quhair ze met, and quhy,

As ze did hint befoir.

With Air then sae fair then,

That glanst like Rayis of Glory,

Sae Godlyk and oddlyk

He thus resumit his Storie.

XVII.

FRAE the Suns Ryfing to his Sett,

All the pryme Rait of Wardens met,

In solemn bricht Array,

With Vehicles of *Aither* cleir,

Sic we put on quhen we appeir

To Sauls rowit up in Clay ;

Thair in a wyde and splendit Hall,

Reird up with shynand Beims,

Quhais Rufe-treis wer of Rainbows all

And paist with starrie Gleims,

Quhilk prinkled and twinkled

Brichtly beyont Compar,

Much famed, and named

A Castill in the Air.

XVIII.

IN midst of quhilk a Tabill stude,

A spacious Oval reid as Blude,

Made of a Fyre-Flauch,

Around the dazeling Walls were drawn,

With

With Rays be a celestial Hand,
 Full mony a curious Draucht.
 Inferiour Beings flew in Haist,
 Without Gyd or Drectour,
 Millions of Myles throch the wyld Waste,
 To bring in Bowlis of Nectar :
 Then roundly and soundly
 We drank lyke *Roman* Gods ;
 Quhen *Jove* sae dois rove sae,
 That *Mars* and *Bacchus* nods.

XIX.

Quhen *Phebus* Heid turns licht as Cork,
 And *Neptune* leans upon his Fork,
 And limpan *Vulcan* blethers :
 Quhen *Pluto* glowrs as he were wyld,
 And *Cupid*, Luvè's wie wingit Chyld,
 Fals down and fyls his Fethers.
 Quhen *Pan* forzets to tune his Reid,
 And slings it cairless bye,
 And *Hermes* wingd at Heils and Heid,
 Can nowther stand nor lye :
 Quhen staggirand and swagirrand,
 The stoyter Hame to sleip,
 Quhyle Centeries at Enteries
 Immortal Watches keip.

XX.

Thus we tuke in the high browin Liquour,
 And bangd about the Nectar Biquour ;
 But evir with this Ods,
 We neir in Drink our Judgments drenschi,
 Nor scour about to seik a Wench
 Lyk these auld bauldie Gods,
 But franklie at ilk uther ask,
 Quhats proper we suld know,

How

How ilk ane hes performt the Task,
Assignd to him below.

Our Minds then sae kind then,
Are fixt upon our Care,
Ay noting and ploting
Quhat tends to thair Weilfair.

XXI.

Gothus and *Vandall* baith lukt bluff,
Quhyl Gallus sneerd and tuke a Snuff,
 Quhilk made *Allmane* to stare ;
Latinus bad him naithing feir,
But lend his Hand to haly Weir,
 And of cowl Crouns tak Care ;
Batavius with his Paddock-Face
 Luking asquint, cryd, *Pisch*,
Zour Monks ar void of Sence or Grace,
 I had leur sicht for *Fisch* ;
 Zour Schule-men ar Fule-men,
 Carvit out for dull Debates,
 Decoying and destroying
 Baith Monarchies and States,

XXII.

Iberius with a gurlie Nod
Cry'd, *Hogan* zes we ken zour God,
 Its Herrings ze adore ;
Heptarchus, as he usd to be,
Can nocht with his ain Thochts agre,
 But varries bak and fore ;
Ane quhyle he says, It is not richt
 A Monarch to resist,
Neist Braith all Ryall Powir will slicht,
 And passive *Homage* jest ;
 He hitches and fitches
 Between the *Hic* and *Hoc*,
 Ay jieand and flieand
 Round lyk a Wedder-cock,

XXIII. I

I still support my Precedens
 Abune them all, for Sword and Sens,
 Thocht I haif lyn richt now lown,
 Quhylk was, becaus I bure a Grudge
 At sum fule *Scotis*, wha lykd to drudge
 To Princes no thair awin ;
 Sum Thanis thair Tennants pykit and *squeist*,
 And pursit up all thair Rent,
 Syne wallopit to far Courts, and bleist,
 Till Rigs and Schaws war sent ;
 Syne byndging and whynding,
 Quhen thus redusit to Howps,
 They dander and wander
 About pure Lickmadowps.

XXIV.

BUT now its Tyme for me to draw
 My shynand Sword against Club-Law,
 And gar my Lyon roir ;
 He fall or lang gie sic a Sound,
 The Ecchoe fall be heard around
Europe, frae Schore to Schore ;
 Then lat them gadder all thair Strenth,
 And stryve to wirk my Fall,
 Tho numerous, zit at the lenth
 I will owrecum them all,
 And raise zit and blase zit
 My Braifrie and Renown,
 By gracing and placing
 Arright the *Scottis* Crown.

XXV.

QUHEN my braif BRUCE the same fall weir
 Upon his Ryal Heid, full cleir
 The Diadem will shyne ;
 Then fall zour fair Oppression ceis,

His Intrest zours he will not seice,
Or leif zou eir inclyne :
Thocht Millions to his Purse be lent,
Zell neir the puirer be,
But rather richer, quhyle its spent
Within the *Scottish* Se :
The Field then fall zeild then
To honest Husbands Welth,
Gude Laws then fall cause then
A sickly State haif Helth.

XXVI.

QUHYLE thus he talkit, methocht ther came
A wondir fair Etherial Dame,
And to our Warden sayd,
Grit *Calidon* I cum in Serch
Of zou, frae the hych starry Arch,
The Counsell wants zour Ayd ;
Frae every Quarter of the Sky,
As swift as Quhirl-wynd,
With Spirits speid the Chistains hy,
Sum grit Thing is desygnd ;
Owre Muntains be Funtains,
And round ilk fairy Ring,
I haif chaist ze, O haist ze,
They talk about zour King.

XXVII.

WITH that my Hand methocht he schuke,
And wischt I Happynefs nicht bruke,
To eild be Nicht and Day ;
Syne quicker than an Arrows Flicht,
He mountit upwarts frae my Sicht,
Straicht to the Milkie Way ;
My Mynd him followit throw the Skyes,
Until the brynie Streme

For Joy ran trinckling frae myne Eyes,
 And wakit me frae Dreame;
 Then peiping, half sleiping,
 Frae furth my rural Beild,
 It eisit me and pleisit me
 To se and smell the Feild.

XXVIII.

For *Flora* in hir clene Array,
 New washen with a Showir of *May*,
 Lukit full sweit and fair;
 Quhyle hir cleir Husband frae aboif
 Sched down his Rayis of genial *Luve*,
 Hir Sweits perfume the Air.
 The Winds war husht, the Welkin cleird,
 The glumand Clouds war fled,
 And all as fast and gay appeird
 As ane *Elyfion* Shed;
 Quhilk heisit and bleisit
 My Heart with sic a *Fyre*,
 As raises these Praises
 That do to Heaven aspyre.

Quod AR. SCOT.

F I N I S,

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